

slightly drew back his coat, and there on the lapel of his vest there showed the prototype of the trinket that Hulbert wore at his watch chain.

"You are ready," he said simply.

Hulbert bowed. He recognized instantly that he was mistaken for another, but the spirit of adventure possessed him. This stranger seemed to accept him without question or quibble as the person he had been waiting or looking for.

"Your work is all laid out for you," he said in a cautious tone, "if your ship is at moorings."

Again Hulbert nodded.

"Then come. Our orders are to place the woman in your charge.

The woman! A sense of curiosity, interest, chivalry came to the front with the young journalist. The romantic vein in his make-up as well aroused. The man beckoned to his comrade. The latter bobbed his head in token of introduction. They led Hulbert from the place.

"It would be best to get a closed carriage," observed the man who seemed to have the most say in the premises. "There is what was given me for you," and he handed a roll of bank notes to Hulbert. "The rest will be sent as soon as you cable word of your arrival in Algiers with the woman."

Hulbert accepted the money. What was he plunging into—a kidnaping exploit? However, he was in the midst of the scheme now, and he nerved himself to go through it. He halted at a cab stand and engaged a four-wheeled vehicle. One of his companions got up on the seat outside with the driver, giving the latter a direction.

After a devious route, leading into the foreign quarter of London, the vehicle halted. It was within a dark and lonely court.

"You may as well remain within the carriage," spoke Hulbert's companion. "We will bring the woman down. She is quiet," and he placed a peculiar emphasis on this word, "as

agreed. Once aboard the ship, she will be reasonable. When she knows that to rebel is of no avail."

Five minutes later the foreigners appeared carrying a wrapped up figure. A glint of light from the carriage lamp revealed the uncovered face of a beautiful young girl, unconscious, drugged. She was placed within the vehicle.

"You will make no miss on the plans," spoke the man to Hulbert.

"All is arranged, is it not," replied Hulbert tersely. Then he was somewhat disturbed, for the other man got into the carriage beside him, after naming a dock on the Thames to the driver.

Hulbert had hastily formed a plan regarding what he would do as to the girl. The evident intention of the foreigner to remain with him set awry his project. After they had proceeded about half a mile he spake to the man, signalling the driver to stop.

"Go get me a dozen cigars at the drug store we just passed," he directed. Then to the driver, with the words, "drive fast, stop for nothing!"

Hulbert reached his own boarding house. He dismissed the puzzled and wondering hackman. Then he carried the girl up to his room, summoned the landlady and sent for a doctor.

It was nearly midnight when the physician succeeded in arousing the girl from her deep torpor. For three hours thereafter she, the landlady and Hulbert, formed a trio engaged in explanations.

The young girl had been kidnaped from a private school by the foreigners. They were professional blackmailers. Her parents were traveling on the continent and were immensely wealthy.

The scheme had been to convey her to Algeria and hold her in seclusion for a ransom.

At daylight Scotland Yard was notified. From what information Hulbert could give, the expert police were able to take up the trail of the would-